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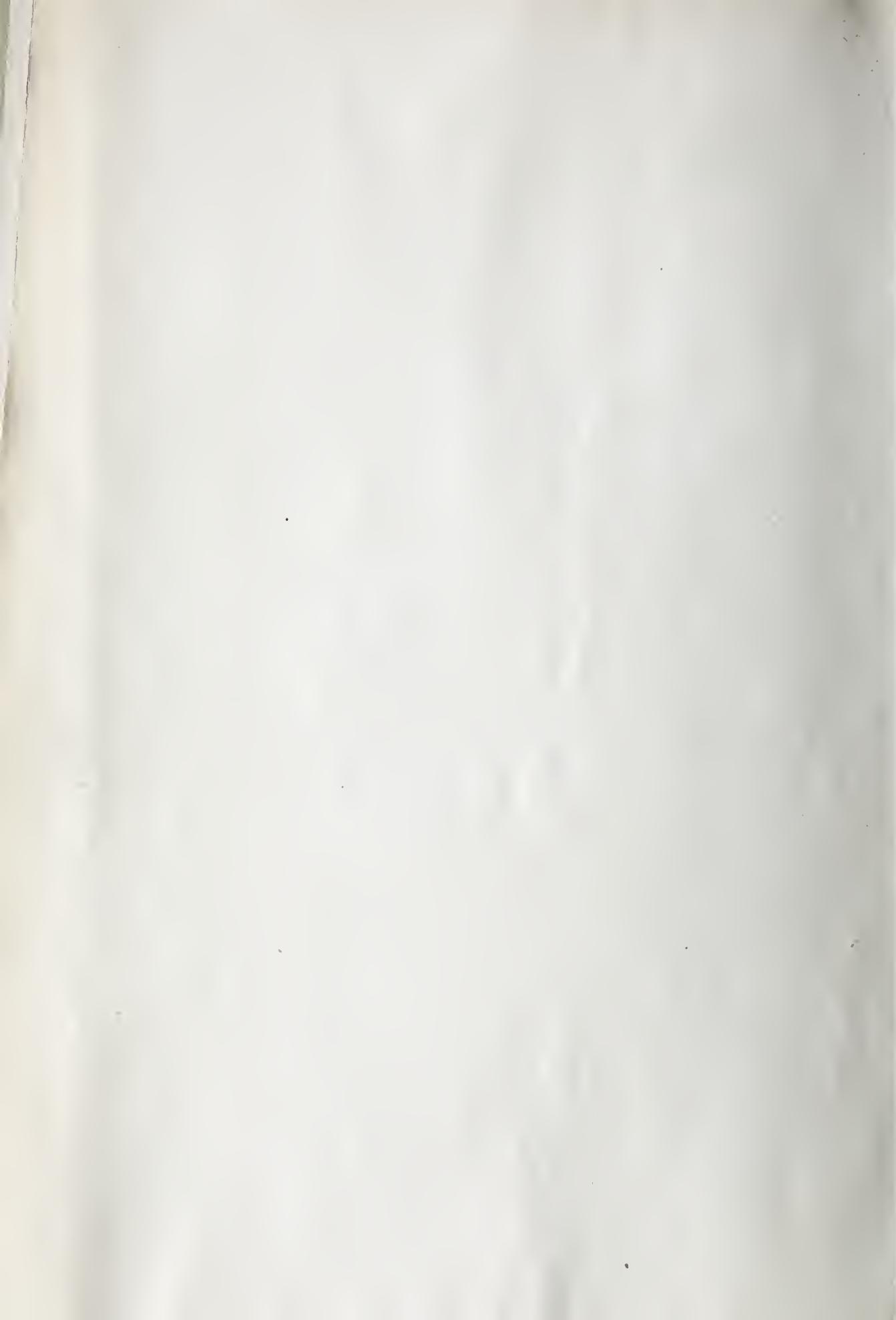


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MARK TWAIN'S SCRAP BOOK.

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UNITED STATES.

JUNE 24TH, 1873.

GREAT BRITAIN.

MAY 16TH, 1877.

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DANIEL SLOTE & COMPANY,
NEW YORK.



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From, Independent

Moonesdale Pa.

Date, May 9th 1894.

THE STARVING SETTLERS.

Early Wayne County History—Scenes in the Forest and Cabin—Building a Home in the Wilderness—Fourteen Miles From a Neighbor—An Accident, Sickness and No Doctor or Medicine—Face to Face With Starvation—Two Hunters Bring Relief—A True Story of a Family's Sufferings and Wonderful Deliverance.

BY JASPER T. JENNINGS.

In the spring of 1789, while John Hibborn and Samuel Preston were engaged in cutting through the North and South road, near the head waters of Starrucca creek, an active appearing young man named Samuel Stanton came along with his staff and compass to survey a tract of wild land for William Cooper, agent for Thomas Rogers, of Philadelphia. Having been engaged several weeks in the then wilderness region of Mount Pleasant, surveying days and camping with the party in the woods at night, he was thoroughly acquainted with the different tracts, and being well pleased with the locality he resolved to settle there.

A satisfactory bargain was soon concluded and having completed his professional duties he departed. Early the next year he returned, for the purpose of making preparations for a home in the wilderness. The first thing to do was to erect some sort of a cabin that would afford at least a partial protection from storms and wild animals. He could not build a regular log house, for he was alone, and could not roll up the necessary logs. He cut a lot of large straight poles, such as he could conveniently bring to the spot, and laying them up the required height he cut them shorter for the roof, so that they might gradually draw in until they came together in the centre. Over these he fastened large flat pieces of hemlock bark. Finding some smooth slabs of stone, he brought them in and laid them down for a hearth, and building a wall behind these a few feet in height to keep the fire from the poles of the cabin, his fire place was completed. The smoke ascended through an aperture in the roof, left for the purpose. There were at that time no saw mills in that section, and there were no boards to be had. For a door he split out slabs from a straight grained log, and fastened them

together with cleats and pins. For material he had the boundless forest, for framing, carpentering and joining tools he depended almost wholly upon his axe. But primitive though the little cabin was, some 12x14 feet in size, it was home to the honest backwoodsman, nevertheless. It was situated about 10 rods east of the later Belmont and Easton turnpike, at a point near the later well known residence of Minor Mumford. Mr. Stanton worked part of the time during the summer for Mr. Preston, on the new road, and also succeeded in clearing a small piece of land around his cabin. There was at this time a few log houses in the stumpy clearing on the bank of the Susquehanna river, many miles distant, called Harmony, where provisions could be procured.

The next winter Mr. Stanton labored what he could to procure such necessities as he might require, and having visited his humble dwelling on the approach of spring and put on a few more finishing touches, he went up the Susquehanna where his family, consisting of a wife and two children, were staying, and on April 10, 1791, they moved to their humble forest home, 14 miles from the nearest neighbor. A few other settlers came in to make preparatory beginnings during the summer, but on the approach of cold weather they all returned, and Mr. Stanton and his family were left alone in the solitary depths of the great wilderness. Winter soon set in with unusual severity. Heavy snow storms followed each other in quick succession, and the cold northern winds swept over the hills with Arctic rigor. They had two cows and a yoke of oxen, which were sheltered in a rude log hovel near the cabin. He had cut a quantity of wild grass, which he had stacked on a beaver meadow some two miles away; and to break a road through the deep snow and haul it home was no easy task. The season had not been a very productive one, and as the ground was new and uncultivated they had raised only a meagre supply; but by thorough economy he hoped he might have enough to last through the winter when more could be obtained.

The long dreary months seemed like years. No sound of a human voice greeted them in their loneliness. Only the hollow-soulless echo of his own axe met his ear. Surrounded on all sides by an apparently boundless forest, with no sound or sign of life, it seemed as though the whole world was deserted. The deep snow, unbeaten by track of man or animal, made it impossible to get any grain to the distant mill. Still they did not despair. Adapting themselves to their situation they struggled on, hoping against hope, and looking forward for better times. Their corn, inferior in quality, was parched and

pounded, and their wheat was boiled. Gradually their little stock of provisions wore away, and it began to be apparent that they would not have enough.

But gloomy as their prospects were they were pleasant when compared with the trials and difficulties they were about to experience. One day while he was at the beaver meadow after a load of hay, Mrs. Stanton slipped on the ice and fractured a bone in her ankle. She managed to crawl into the cabin, where he met her a few hours later, to learn that she was almost helpless. She had taken a severe cold through privation and exposure during her husband's temporary absence, and in a short time she was prostrated with fever. They had little or no medicine suitable for the disease, and he could not leave them to perish while he should wade through the snow so many miles to obtain it. There was no one to send on such a friendly errand, and to obtain a doctor, some 20 or 30 miles away, was simply out of the question.

His whole attention was now required in the cabin. Circumstances made him doctor, nurse and housekeeper. He prepared with all the care a man could, the best food his humble home afforded, and brought it to the bedside of his dear companion, but she could not eat. He bathed her fevered brow, and spoke soothing words of encouragement to her, but all to no purpose. She grew rapidly worse, and soon became delirious. This was the hardest blow of all. The one kind voice that had so long and uncomplainingly borne the burdens of life with him, speaking so many words of cheer and comfort in his darkest hours of despondency, now spoke only unconnected and meaningless words. She seemed to try, oh so hard, to speak coherently, and make him understand, but it was no use.

Their youngest child was then only an infant five months old. Deprived of its natural ailment through the sickness of the mother, it in turn sickened, and the father sorrowfully laid it by the side of its delirious mother. Alas! she knew not her own child. In the depths of his adversity he now became aware that his stock of provisions was almost exhausted. The severity of the weather had frozen the few potatoes he had, and he saw starvation looming up in the near future. He could not leave his suffering family to procure anything. A few days at the farthest must decide not only his own fate, but the fate of those dependent upon him. The trees cracked with the frost, the skies darkened, and old Boreas swept through the naked limbs of the leafless forest with a cheerless and appalling roar. A long snow storm now set in, with wind and chilling severity. The forest writhed and

roared in the heavy gale, drifts accumulated about the door, and the fine snow sifted in upon the floor and bed. Alone, worn and weary, the solitary watcher sat up through the long, lonesome night, keeping fire and attending the sick ones, while the doleful hooting of owls and distant howling of wolves combined to render the dark night doubly dismal. His cows gave no milk, and he looked with alarm on the last remnant of his provisions. The wolf of hunger was already at the door. He had no food suitable for the fast declining sufferers, and day by day they were sinking and pining away. He divided the principal part with his children, prepared the last morsel for his suffering companion, but abstained from taking any nourishment himself. A day or two longer, during which his provisions were stinted out with trembling hand, and then the terrible hour came. He brought out the last morsel, but ere he made the final division he hesitated. Pale and emaciated, with gaunt and hollow eyes, his beloved companion lay helpless upon the bed, with her sick babe pining and famishing by her side. Her eyes wandered about the room with an unmeaning vacant stare, and her voice, so low and weak, was devoid of reason, seeming to lisp in its very incoherence the horrors of starvation, death, and the lonely grave. On either side of him stood his little children, almost reduced to skeletons, begging piteously for bread. It was a trying ordeal. He made the last division, and turned away to hide his emotion. He had hoped and prayed for succor, but no relief came. He, too, was wasted and bowed down beneath the crushing burden of his deep affliction, but no one came to relieve him, or speak one word of encouragement. The deer and elk had nearly all left the hills for more sheltered positions in the swamps and valleys. As a last alternative he could kill one of his cattle, but this he feared would hardly be proper food for his sick family. Once more he looked about him. Oh for some one to take his place for a few moments, and make a dish of gruel that might be palatable for the dear ones that were famishing. He could not see them die, and no other kind hand near to close their dying eyes and perform the last sad duty as they, one by one, crossed the dark and lonely river. His children took his hands, and with tearful eyes gazed wistfully into his face as much as to ask if they could never taste bread again. His heart was moved. With quivering chin, he sank upon his knees in the midst of his family, and if an earnest, fervent prayer for help ever ascended from human lips such an one ascended from that husband and father in that hour of his terrible affliction.

They tell us of the great exploits of generals and statesmen, and the grand works planned and executed by such men as Stewart, Astor and Vanderbilt, but when tested in the unbiased balance of public opinion they pale into seeming insignificance when compared with the grander work and nobler deeds in the unwritten history of the old frontier. Mr. Stanton was a brave man, but he was broken down now, and his step was uncertain. The ordeal had been a terrible one, and it had racked his soul with mental anguish. He staggered to the door. At that moment the sound of a dog baying in the distance fell like heavenly music upon his ear. Seizing an old musket, which had long been useless, he hurried to the spot, where he found a large elk in the Lackawaxen creek, defending himself from the dog. In the intensity of his emotion he snapped the old gun repeatedly, but of course there was no report. Two hunters soon came up on snow shoes, and in a few moments the elk was dispatched. Upon learning the condition of Mr. Stanton and his family, they went to his cabin and emptied their knapsacks of wholesome food for the sufferers. Some of the elk was brought in and roasted on the coals, and the starving man eagerly devoured it before it was half cooked. Having relieved their immediate wants they set out for the settlement, to return in a day or two with other comforts. From that hour the afflicted family began to recover. Mr. Stanton grasped their hands, and with streaming eyes, essayed time and again to express his gratitude; but his heart was too full for utterance. They visited him several times during the remainder of the winter, bringing food and medicine, and gradually the whole family gained their accustomed health and strength. Mr. Stanton ever regarded the opportune arrival of the hunters as a remarkable interposition of divine Providence.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch. The facts have been well authenticated by those whose veracity is above question. They exemplify the perils and privations of the border, and bring to our contemplative minds a retrospect of the struggles and heroic deeds experienced by our forefathers in subduing the wilderness, and laying the foundation for the comforts and privileges we enjoy to-day. Mr. Stanton was many years a prominent citizen of Mount Pleasant, serving as justice of the peace, commissioner and associate judge of Wayne county. He took an active part in securing the act for the Great Bend and Cochecton turnpike; and was ever ready to lend his influence and means for the promotion of the public good. Whatever incidents and adventures of his early life he may

have forgotten, the terrible experience of his first winter in the wilderness was always fresh in his memory.

The horns of the elk which were secured in the last trying hours of his affliction, were preserved as a memento of God's mercy; and some years afterwards, when keeping a public house, they were nailed upon the top of his sign post, and on cold stormy nights when the wind howled around the angles of the house, rattling, shaking the windows in their casements while the bright fire roared and crackled in the old familiar fire place, the worthy host used to entertain travelers and visitors with the story of his sufferings and wonderful deliverance.

From, *Independent*
Wayne Pa.
Date, *Aug. 11' 1894.*

PHILIP HONE.

More About the Man After Whom Honesdale Was Named—He Was a Poor Boy But Rose to Distinction and Acquired Wealth.

Philip Hone, after whom Honesdale was named, was born on October 25, 1780, in Dutch street, New York. Four years later his father bought a wooden house on the corner of Dutch and John streets where Philip passed his boyhood. He received a common school education, and at 17 began his mercantile career as clerk to his elder brother John. The business was that of an auctioneer, which at that time, consisted chiefly in selling the cargoes brought to the port of New York by the fleet of American merchantmen. Philip displayed so much ability and fidelity in his work, that in 1793, when 19 years of age, his brother took him into partnership. The firm became exceedingly prosperous, and bore an honored name throughout the United States. On the first of October, 1801, in his twenty-second year, Mr. Hone married Catherine Dunscomb, by whom he had three sons and three daughters.

In 1820, Mr. Hone, though only 40 years of age, had accumulated a fortune then considered very large. His mature life still lay before him, and the choice was open as to the manner in which it should be spent. With no love of money for money's sake, with a sincere desire to improve himself and to be useful to others, he retired from business, in the flood tide of his powers to enter a higher sphere of effort.

In 1821 he sailed for Europe in the "James Monroe," Captain Rogers, of four hundred tons burden. This journey to



PHILIP HONE.

foreign lands made a deep impression, and strengthened his determination to devote his energies to self cultivation and to objects of public interest. Upon his return he purchased the house number 235 Broadway, just below the corner of Park Place, for \$25,000. This was one of the largest private residences in the city, and was pointed out to strangers as an object of pride. Its windows looked out upon City Hall Park, then the principal park in New York, surrounded by a fence of wooden palings, and considered up town. When installed in his new house Mr. Hone began his career of social activity. The most able and influential men in New York were his constant guests. Men from other states such as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Harrison Gray Otis, made this house their rendezvous while passing through the city. Foreigners of note, such as Lord McRorpeh, Fanny Kemble, Captain Marryat and Charles Dickens, met with a hearty welcome. As his children grew up the house became a resort for the young people. In 1837 the encroachments of trade in the vicinity of City Hall Park made Mr. Hone's house there less desirable as a place of residence. He sold it and built the house at the southeast corner of Broadway and Great Jones street, then the upper limit of the city where he lived during the remainder of his life.

In politics Mr. Hone was first a Federalist, and afterwards a Whig, having given its name to the latter party. The Jackson administration, characterized as it was by unwarrantable assumption of power by the executive and a cringing party subserviency, excited his detestation; and he was an important factor in the great campaign which ended in the election of Gen. Harrison. He was an able speaker and his services were called into requisition at all times of public commotion.

He had personal gifts which extended the influence due to his character. Tall and spare his bearing was distinguished,

his face handsome and refined. His tact was great,—he had a faculty for saying the right thing. He was fond of riding on horseback, always had a spirited horse, and for many years his figure was a familiar sight as he rode up and down Broadway. He saw New York grow from a town of 20,000 inhabitants into a city of 500,000, and in all this enormous growth—and all the changes which it involved he had borne an influential part.

In 1847 he made a journey into the far west the hardships of which brought on an illness from which he never fully recovered. In 1850 he lost his wife and on May 4, 1851, he died in his 71 year.

*From, O'Brien.
Scranton Pa.*

Date, Dec. 18th 1894.

Forgotten Hero's Neglected Grave

Disgraceful Condition of the Tomb of
General Samuel Meredith.

HAS NO SUITABLE MONUMENT

The Last Resting Place of the First Treasurer of the United States Is Uncared
for—A Reflection Upon the Patriotism of Pennsylvania.

At the outskirts of a maple grove that fringes a broad meadow on the beautiful hills of northeastern Pennsylvania, near Pleasant Mount, stands a plain marble slab that marks the almost forgotten spot where for nearly a century has slumbered one of the heroes of the Revolution who was also prominent in the guidance of the affairs of the newly organized government at the close of the successful struggle for American Independence. The weather beaten, moss-covered stone that peeps through a sea of weeds presents a mournful appearance, on the little neglected plot that seems about the only forgotten spot in the vicinity where well cultivated fields and neatly kept farm houses are the admiration of visitors to that most delightful portion of Wayne county. Apparently forgotten by those who should keep his memory ever green, the illustrious defender sleeps peacefully on through the chang-

ing seasons, unmindful of the howling blasts of winter or the noontide song of the bobolink that breaks upon the prevailing stillness of his tomb in the balmy days of summer. The unpretentious slab that stands in the midst of tangled masses of wild shrubbery bears this simple inscription, which would attract no attention from the visitor unacquainted with the history of the man whose crumbling remains repose beneath:

SAMUEL MEREDITH,

DIED

FEBRUARY THE TENTH,

1817,

ON THE 76TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

But the good citizens of Pleasant Mount, the beautiful little hamlet situated about a mile from the grave, are ever ready to give information concerning the career of the patriot who spent the waning years of his life amid the delightful surroundings, and never tire of relating incidents of life at "Belmont Manor" that have been handed down from generation to generation, and today they speak reverently of the man whose kindly deeds were performed long, long ago and whose earthly career was finished almost before the birth of the oldest inhabitant. A half century or more ago Pleasant Mount, as a relay station on the Newburg and Owego turnpike, was a locality of considerable importance in that portion of Wayne county. Five coaches daily bowled along the turnpike carrying distinguished passengers and valuable express and mail matter. The residents of the place then had better opportunities, for the period, of holding intercourse with the outside world in their own territory than at present, when the distant whistle of the locomotive is about the only reminder of these days of progress and improvement which have left them far in the rear.

Merely a Shadow of Its Past.

The tally-ho coach and prancing steeds are no longer daily visitors to Pleasant Mount, and the bulk of store trade which gave life to the town has drifted elsewhere.

Its availability as a home town or summer resort, however, has been heightened rather than diminished by the absence of nearly everything that would make the village attractive from a business point of view, and visitors are invariably attracted by the peaceful surroundings of the village on the hills.

The remnants of the past generation of Pleasant Mount are of an extremely social turn and their minds are stored with interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of other days. From the oldest inhabitants who kindly rehearse traditions and furnish data the visitor is able to gather facts concerning the career of the forgotten patriot.



The Neglected Grave.

General Meredith's Career.

General Samuel Meredith, the first treasurer of the United States, came of an illustrious family and could trace his blood direct to the royalty of Wales. His father, Reese Meredith, came to Philadelphia in 1730. In the year of 1755 he met and formed the acquaintanceship of George Washington and a friendship sprang up between them which lasted through life and was taken up by his son. The elder Meredith was a staunch advocate of American Independence and was a firm friend and advisor of General Washington in the darkest hours of struggle when the torch of liberty seemed in danger of being forever extinguished. He never lost faith in the cause, and gave substantial tokens of his sincerity by a contribution of \$25,000 to be used in clothing and feeding the Revolutionary soldiers at Valley Forge.

General Meredith was born in Philadelphia in 1741, and was educated at Chester. His public services date from 1765 when he attended a meeting of merchants of Philadelphia to protest against the importation of teas and other goods that bore the obnoxious British tax-stamp. He signed the resolutions which were adopted Nov. 7, 1765. On the 19th of May, 1772, he was married to Margaret, daughter of Dr. Thomas Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, chief medical director of the Pennsylvania hospital. He joined the "Silk stocking company" in 1775, and was made major. He distinguished himself in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and in October, 1777, was commissioned general of the Fourth brigade Pennsylvania militia. The troops under General Meredith performed excellent service at Brandywine and Germantown. At the close of the war he was twice elected from Philadelphia county to the Pennsylvania colonial assembly. In the spring of 1780 General Meredith and his partner, George Clymer, each contributed \$25,000 to the government fund.

General Meredith, like his father, was a firm and trusted friend of Washington, and in August, 1789, was appointed surveyor of the port of Philadelphia by President Washington. He served until



Scene at Pleasant Mount.

September, when he resigned to accept the appointment as treasurer of the United States, which had been urged upon him by Washington.

Treasurer Meredith entered upon duty at a time when the financial standing of the country was anything but encouraging. Impoverished by the expense of the war the treasury of the newly formed government was in condition to need the most careful and conservative management. General Meredith's fitness for the trust was recognized by not only President Washington but others prominent in the establishment of the government by the people.

In 1774 General Meredith purchased large tracts of land in Eastern Pennsylvania lying in what are now the counties of Schuylkill, Pike, Monroe, Lackawanna, Luzerne, Wyoming, Bradford and Wayne, owning nearly 50,000 acres in Wayne alone. On his retirement from office General Meredith sought seclusion and rest at "Belmont Manor," a beautiful country home situated on the hillside about a mile west of the village of Pleasant Mount.

Here, surrounded by the comforts and luxuries that could be obtained in the early days of the present century, the patriot passed the closing years of a life of activity amid peaceful surroundings, revered and honored by his rustic neighbors who were recipients of many kindly courtesies at his hands. General Meredith, during his retirement, was frequently visited by his former political associates and "Belmont Manor" was famed among the social lights of the young government for the hospitality of his master and mistress. General Meredith is described as having been tall and commanding in person, with a light blue eye and kindly face upon which was reflected the indomitable will of the ideal man.

Why Not Build a Monument?

The spirit of the master of Belmont Manor passed to the great beyond in 1817 and that of his faithful life companion followed in the year 1820. In compliance to expressed wishes during his lifetime the remains of General

Meredith were laid to rest on a little declivity on the foothills of the Moosic range, overlooking the head waters of the Lackawaxen. Not many seasons after the sod was green upon the grave of the loving wife who had shared his joys and sorrows, the descendants of the patriot drifted away; the property passed into strange hands and the lonely graves on the hillside were forgotten. "Belmont Manor," once the pride of Pleasant Mount, went to decay and was finally destroyed by fire of a mysterious origin many years ago. Not a stick of timber remains today of the once beautiful mansion which sheltered one of the nation's most open-hearted and generous defenders. Rank weeds flourish within the crumbling foundation walls and toads and lizards are living sentinels that guard the fast disappearing remnants that tell of the scenes of life and brilliancy that have long since faded.

In 1877 the patriotic citizens of Pleasant Mount inaugurated a movement with the view of providing a suitable monument to mark the resting place of the man whose life and purse had been ever at the call of freedom's cause. A committee was appointed and the legislature was asked for assistance. But the call was unheeded and the matter was finally dropped. The grave of the friend of Washington, the patriot whose memory should be honored by every true American citizen with reverence almost equal to that accorded the name of the father of his country, is today neglected and forgotten. The fact that no suitable monument marks the last resting place of General Samuel Meredith is a blot not only upon the state of Pennsylvania but upon the whole United States as well.

Ellingham Tracy Sweet.

From, *Press*

Philadelphia

Date, *Aug 3 1895*

NEGLECTED GRAVE OF A PATRIOT.

Samuel Meredith's Earthly
Resting Place Is Sadly
Neglected.

THE FIRST U. S. TREASURER.

Called to Discharge the Duties by
President Washington, Whose Stead-
fast Friend He Was, and Served
His Country with Dis-
tinction.

Special Despatch to "The Press."

Wilkes-Barre, Aug. 3.—In Wayne County, Pa., near Pleasant Mount, is a neglected graveyard, overgrown with weeds, where the gravestones are covered with vegetation, and where a few remnants of fence only mark the confines of the place, and there lie the bones of General Samuel Meredith, a gallant soldier, a close friend of Washington, and the first treasurer of the United States; a man who gave his blood, his services and his fortune in his country's cause, and who deserves honor with the other gallant men who were his co-laborers. Their graves are marked by noble monuments, their forms are perpetuated in stately marble, their memories are ripe in millions of hearts; while Meredith's last resting place is unmarked, forlorn, and neglected. He did much for his country, and his country has not even placed a marble slab to mark the spot where he lies. Greater men have been no better; men have done greater deeds, but none more noble; patriots there have been no truer. Sad it is that in this age, when Americans have so much to be proud of, they have not remembered one who was among the

first score of those whose wise heads and brave hearts formed and upheld the United States, preserved the independence of their fellow countrymen, and laid the foundation of this nation as it is to-day.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

He was a friend of Washington's when friends were valuable. He aided and supported the Father of his Country in every way that he could, paid out of his own pocket in one month \$200,000 to feed and clothe the soldiers, and labored with all his energies at the expense of his health and his estate to make the great cause successful. He was born in Philadelphia in 1741 and was educated in Chester. His services date from 1765, when he attended the meeting of the merchants of Philadelphia to protest against the importation of teas and other goods which were stamped. He signed the resolutions which were adopted November 7, 1765. On the 19th of May, 1772, he was married to Margaret Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, daughter of Dr. Thomas Cadwalader, chief medical director of Pennsylvania Hospital. He joined the "Silk Stocking Company" in 1775 and was made major. He distinguished himself in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and in October, 1777, was commissioned general of the Fourth Brigade, Pennsylvania Militia. The troops under General Meredith performed excellent service at Brandywine and Germantown. At the close of the war he was twice elected from Philadelphia County to the Pennsylvania Colonial Assembly. He was next appointed Surveyor of the Port of Philadelphia and served till September, when he resigned to become Treasurer of the United States, urged upon him by Washington.

COMPLIMENTED BY HAMILTON.

Treasurer Meredith entered upon duty at a time when the financial standing of the country was anything but encouraging. The Treasury was in a condition to need the most careful and conservative management, and General Samuel Meredith's fitness for the trust was recognized by not only President Washington, but others prominent in the establishment of the Government of the people. The following extract from a letter of Alexander Hamilton received at the time of General Samuel Meredith's acceptance of the office is characteristic of the times, indicating the esteem in which the new Treasurer's attainments were held:

Treasurer's Office,

New York, Sept. 13, 1789.

Dear Sir:—Permit me to congratulate you on your appointment as Treasurer of the United States and to assure you of the pleasure I feel in anticipating your co-operating with me in a station in which a character like yours is truly valuable. With sincere esteem, I am ever your obedient servant,

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Secretary of the Treasury.

To Samuel Meredith,

Treasurer of the United States.

General Samuel Meredith served under the Administrations of Washington, Adams and Jefferson until October 31, 1801, when on account of his health he was obliged to relinquish the office and seek seclusion and rest. He retired to his country seat, Belmont Manor, Wayne County, a home situated on the hillside about a mile west of the village of Pleasant Mount. There he remained, oftentimes counseling and advising the statesmen of the times, who were frequent visitors at his home, but he took no active part in the work going on, as his ill health kept him in the house. His son, Major Thomas Meredith, gained honors for his valor in the War of 1812.

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Philadelphia Bureau of Press Clipp

No. 615 Walnut Street

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

From Wayne Co. INDEPENDENT

Honesdale Pa

Date MAR 3 1889

WAYNE COUNTY, PAST AND PRESENT

A Paper by Nelson J. Spencer—Some Interesting Facts—Pupils of Our Schools Should Know the History of Their Own County—Indian Names—How the Early Settlers Came in Ox Carts from the East—How Goods Were Brought Here from Philadelphia—Part of Our Local History of National Importance—The First Locomotive and the First United States Treasurer.

The following interesting paper was read before the teachers' local institute, held at Honesdale on Saturday:

Many young people in our county are almost unconscious of the fact that Wayne, with its comfortable homes, its pretty little villages, its picturesque glens, and its checkerboard of forests and well kept farms, has ever been different from what it is to-day. Even the people of the middle generation, the teachers being among them, can hardly realize the great changes which have taken place within our borders since the advent of the white settler. It is only when we talk with some good old grandfather, who had the fortitude to brave the hardships of the wilderness, 70 or 80 years ago, that we get glimpses of the early days and find ourselves amazed at what has been accomplished.

To this we pay but little attention in our schools. We teach the children to follow Ponce de Leon and DeSota in their aimless wanderings through the southern states; we teach them to trace the footsteps of the Jesuit missionaries throughout the great northwest; we teach them the settlement and history of the various colonies; we ask them to study wars, to be able to follow generals in their campaigns, and to recite battles in detail. These things are all more or less important and it is proper that they should have their place in school work. But, while teaching these, we almost forget that which should be of equal importance—a knowledge of the history of their own vicinity, the township in which they live, or better still, of the entire county.

The larger number of the pupils of our schools are destined, no doubt, to spend their lives near the places of their birth. They should, therefore, as a part of their education become acquainted with local history. They should know with what their forefathers had to contend and the

hardships they had to endure to establish the hundreds of homes which we are now enjoying. Possibly, through this we may teach the rising generation that the inventions, the institutions, and the advantages of to-day are not due entirely to the wisdom and energy of the people of to-day, but were made possible only through the wisdom and energy of our forefathers. Possibly we can teach them, also, that they are themselves a part of this great family of workers, and that their mission in life is something more than play; that upon their efforts alone depend the progress of civilization, of Christianity, and the happiness of the future generations.

We have no text-book upon local history. We hardly need one, for the teacher can find the material for the pupil; he can also prepare work himself and become interested and the gainer in the end.

In teaching the history of our county we must take the pupils back to the time in which it was almost an unbroken wilderness. We will need to go back but a little more than 100 years. A bird's eye view of our county at that time will reveal a rough, undulating surface of black hemlock forests, intermingled with the lighter colored hardwoods of the southern slopes. Lurking in that forest we know to have been the wolf, the black bear, the beaver, the deer, the elk, and the panther. Into this paradise of the wild beast comes man to convert it into a paradise for himself.

The Indian was probably the first settler. It is not believed that he had any large or permanent towns within our borders, yet it was a much frequented hunting ground and contained a few villages. Evidences of these villages were found by the early white settler in the cleared spots along the banks of our principal streams. Upon these they had cultivated corn, implements of war, of the chase, and of domestic use are found even to-day in various parts of the county.

Hon. N. F. Underwood, of Lake Como, has given considerable attention to this phase of our local history. Within the past few years he has added many fine specimens to his collection of Indian relics, all found upon or near the shores of the lakes in the northern part of the county. He found one spot, but a few rods in extent, from which by digging he removed many arrow points, axes, etc. It was without doubt upon the site of an early Indian village.

Many of the early Indian names of places and streams have been retained in this section and they will be for a long time a reminder of the former inhabitants. They are all descriptive in the Indian tongue of the place or thing named, and as a rule their very pronunciation adds muscle to our language. Among the more prominent names of this section are Lackawaxen, named from an Indian tribe the Lack awaxsings; Lackawanna, Equinunk, Wallen Paupack; Pocono, Shohola and Starrucca.

Probably the most noted Indian who ever lived within the present limits of our county, was a chief known far and wide for his wisdom and honesty. He lived during the early part of his life in the state of Delaware. When the whites became too numerous in that region to suit the fancy of an Indian, he removed to a point on the Delaware river near the present site of Damascus, where he lived until his death. His name was Tamanend, one of the last of the Great Mohican chiefs. From this name we get St. Tammany Flats, and our county superintendent tells me that we have also a Tammany school district. And further, that great club that sways the politics of New York, owes the origin of its name to Tamanend, of Wayne county.

The earliest settlement made by a white man within this county was about 150 years ago. There were but a few settlers here 100 years ago, hence our county is comparatively young in history.

Many a time have we heard our grandfather tell of his trip from old and civilized Connecticut into this wilderness 80 years ago. We mention this because it is the parallel of scores of the early settlers. There were no railroads in those days. Two heavy carts were taken from the farm in old Saybrooke, and fastened together. Over this unique wagon was fashioned a cloth top to keep out the sun and rain, while into the wagon were loaded the family and all their possessions. A yoke of oxen and a horse drew the load nearly 300 miles into Pennsylvania. This same grandfather, after having seen Wayne county pass from its infancy through attendant changes to what is to us its manhood, still lives to tell the story.

The inhabitants of the early days could enjoy but few things other than what their farms and hands produced. There were but two ways to bring goods into the county. One was by means of a long flat boat which was pushed up the Delaware from Philadelphia to Cochecon; the other was by boat from New York to Newburgh. From the last place they were carted nearly 100 miles over rough roads into Wayne.

Wayne county was named after General Anthony Wayne of Revolutionary fame. The site for its first court house was selected in the midst of a forest at what is now Bethany. The pupils of our schools will be interesting to learn that the building was no larger than many of our district school houses, being 32 feet wide and 36 feet long. It was built in 1800, mostly of timbers hewn from trees taken from the grounds.

Nearly 30 years later a canal was built to connect the Hudson river with the newly discovered coal regions. Its terminus was three miles below Bethany. Here Honesdale came into existence, growing so rapidly as to soon overshadow Bethany. In 1841 it was made the county seat. People are living in Wayne county to-day who can remember when the territory occupied by our beautiful town was all woods and alderbottom.

Important changes have taken place in our county within recent times. Industries which were thriving but a few years ago are now a matter of history. Less than 20 years ago large tanneries giving employment to hundreds of men might be found in various parts of the county. Saw mills were located upon nearly every stream. The tanneries have all disappeared while but few saw mills are left. On account of this our county has lost in population in recent years.

History is making in Wayne even now. To-day the D. & H. canal and the famous gravity railroad, to which Honesdale owes its origin, are in full operation: to-morrow comes and we find them institutions of the past. They have passed into local history and as such become proper subjects of study.

Some points in our local history are of national importance and become doubly valuable to the teacher because through them he can impress upon the pupil the idea that this remote county of Wayne is not entirely isolated, but that it has been a factor in the history of the nation. Many of these historical connections exist. Through a proper study of them, pride for his county and patriotism for his country may be aroused or strengthened in the mind of the pupil.

That Honesdale was selected as the spot upon which was run the first locomotive of America is of more than local interest, and something in which we may justly take pride.

Again, the first treasurer of the United States, Samuel Meredith, lies sleeping on a hillside of Mount Pleasant township. He was appointed treasurer by Washington in 1789, in the days of Alexander Hamilton, and held the office until 1801, resigning during the administration of Thomas Jefferson. In 1796 Meredith purchased 26,000 acres of land in Wayne county. The tract extended from near the present site of Waymart, north nearly 20 miles to the Sugar Loaf mountain. His object was to cut the timber from this tract, burn it and manufacture therefrom potash and pearl-ash for commerce. This venture failed to pay so it was abandoned. Upon resigning as treasurer he immediately moved with his family to Wayne county and built, at the cost of \$6,000, a home which was for Wayne county in those days a palace, and one that would be counted as very fine even to-day. This home, which was burned a few years ago, he named Belmont, and here he was visited by many men of national reputation. It is claimed that Thos. Jefferson was among them. Meredith died in 1817, and was buried in his family burying ground, located but a short distance below his residence. What is left of this princely farm, or manor, so rich in a partially forgotten history, is owned to-day by ex-County Superintendent James H. Kennedy.

Many teachers in our county would be glad no doubt to teach some local history

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Philadelphia Bureau of Press Clipping

No. 615 Walnut Street

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HERALD.

from

Honesdale Pa

Date Dec 7 1899

Honesdale Fifty Years Ago.

Perhaps young Honesdale cares very little about old Honesdale. But the day will surely come, when the hurly burly of life is mostly past, that the early history of your native town will have its value.

It is to please such readers that we put upon record our callow impressions regretting, of course, that the work has not fallen to older and abler hands.

We have told of the old Tabernacle. It was the shining light that illuminated Uptown. Its satellites were "Slab Castle" and the "Scythe Factory." The "Castle" was a two and-a-half story building extending from the corner of Spring and Park streets to a long length upon the latter thoroughfare. It acquired its not very poetic yet quite descriptive name on account of its construction. It was built by the same Abiram Winton to whom we have referred, and was constructed of slabs fresh from the fragrant sides of the pines that then overlooked our valley. Perhaps, in the sense that every man's town is his castle, the old rookery might be entitled to such an appellation, but there was no question about the slabs. "Slab Castle" it was and "Slab Castle" it remained until, not so long ago, the Skating Rink, afterward transformed into the Opera House, was erected upon its site. The "Castle" and the Opera House have long since disappeared and Dr. Brady's handsome residence and its surrounding ground covers the site. In its younger days the Castle sheltered many of our F. F. V.s. Homes were then in great demand for the rapidly incoming population and the numerous rooms of the long drawn out Castle were a welcome haven to the homeless pioneers of those early days. Many of our younger people might hesitate to avow that one of their parents at least was born in "Slab Castle," yet we assure them that in early days such a confession would bring no shame and should not to-day.

Now for the Scythe Factory. Our first recollection of it was the thunder of its trip or tilt bammers. Bang-it ty-bang they went from early morn to dewy eve, and allow'd no sleep to drowsy people in its neighborhood. Its site is entirely obliterated. A

raceway nearly in front of Wyman Kimble's factory led the water down to nearly Eleventh street, and from there it was put to lively work in turning the grindstones and tilting the hammers of Hendrick's Scythe factory. A big industry, too, it was for the town in those struggling days and was cherished and regarded by our fathers and grandfathers. Perhaps it is just as well to mix up with these recollections of early days some personal reminiscences of the men and boys of the times.

This "Scythe Factory" reminds us of an accident to Gilbert Forbes, one of our pioneer news dealers, the consequences of which must have often aroused the curiosity of our people of a generation ago. He, with a lot of other boys was looking with wonder, and somewhat of awe upon the thunderous blows of the tilt hammer as it pounded upon the rigid anvil underneath. In a spirit of bravado he accepted a wager from one of his companions to push his hand under the regular pulsating beats of the ponderous hammer. He failed to time the last correctly, and wore but three fingers upon his right hand for his remaining years.

Fifty or even forty years ago there were but few dwellings above Fourteenth street. There were the Beers House, the Presbyterian parsonage, now owned by Judge Grambs, the "Mud House" and two or three other dwellings of no great importance. The land belonged in the main to the Torrey estate and fortunately for the present appearance of the town it was held at such high prices that the home hunters of those days could not afford to purchase. So the fields remained mostly in commons for a couple of generations, until through the result of the war our people's pockets began to bulge, and then, and since, the lots were taken up and handsome dwellings were erected thereon.

The vacant fields were tolerably free from stumps and afforded fine play for the boys of the day. But on dark nights the long stretch of road up town, with but a house or two to mark the way, was lonely enough. By the way, it was on this very piece of road that an event occurred which may challenge the belief of skeptical minds.

Many years ago we published the story in the HERALD as it was told us many years before that time. The Cornell Brush, hereafter referred to, assured the writer that it was absolutely true.

Cornell Brush, a well known cartman here thirty years ago, lived just out of town in the house now owned by E. H. Clark, on the Bethany road. His wife was a daughter of John A. Gustin, postmaster of the village, in the early 50's, and she was as sensible and truthful a woman as there was in town. In fact, both she and her

husband were as unsentimental and unimaginative a couple as can be conceived.

In the decade we have mentioned a revival was in progress in the old Methodist church, adjoining the first burying ground. Mr. Brush and his wife attended one evening and after the services were over they started on their long walk to their homes. It was in the winter and a deep snow covered the ground. There were no sidewalks up-town in those days and pedestrians were therefore obliged to use the beaten track of the road. The moon shone out over the snow and everything was as bright as day. Just above Fourteenth street the travelers noticed a man and woman some distance ahead of them proceeding in the same direction. They supposed that those in advance had also been to the "meeting" and had gotten an earlier start. Mr. and Mrs. Brush followed along, chatting over the experiences of the meeting. They walked faster than the advance couple and overtook them a few rods beyond the parsonage mentioned. As the strangers showed no inclination to turn out and still lagged in their way, they stepped out in the deep snow upon the side of the track to pass them. Mrs. Brush was upon the inside and distinctly remembered the brushing of her dress against that of the impolite woman in front. As they passed and again got into the track, they very naturally turned around to see the faces of their uncivil fellow voyagers. There was no one in sight! The silver moon illuminated the sparkling snow so that a mouse might have been seen for many rods away. There were no houses, no stumps, nothing that could have afforded a hiding place for a rabbit. They stood utterly dumfounded for some time. Then feeling that something must be done to relieve the tension, Mr. Brush waded through the deep snow to the open pale fence and looked over it of course to find nothing. He walked back to his wife shivering in the road and they continued their walk home in a much disturbed frame of mind, neither having any possible explanation to offer for the strange and uncanny episode of their walk.

In their discussion of the strange incident before sleep closed their eyes, they concluded as the possible explanation of it all that they had both been strangely deceived; that their imaginations had been unduly excited by the exercises of the evening, and that they had seen no couple in front of them and had not turned out in the snow and so on, as each in their own hearts, knew was the case.

Early in the morning, as was his custom, Mr. Brush came down with his cart hoping to find confirmation of their final conclusion. But no! There, where it all happened, were the footprints of himself and wife in the snow as they passed the ghosts, and there were his tracks to the fence and back where he looked in vain to find them.

Wayne Co.
Philadelphia Bureau of Press Clippings
No. 615 Walnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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HERALD

rom

Honesdale

ate

FEB -9 1900

Honesdale Fifty Years Ago.

[Tenth Paper.]

Our younger people accustomed to the snort of the locomotive or the whirr of the steamer's screw, may conclude that the travel of the old days was very commonplace and utterly devoid of interest. But they would be mistaken. Then, the traveler, who after much thought and preparation had decided upon the journey, would repair to his starting point at the hotel. He would look curiously over the people, always in waiting, endeavoring to pick his fellow voyagers from among them. The horses, four as a rule, would be brought out with much flourish and put in place. The driver generally big, gorgeously dressed in great coats, capes and furs, always feeding his oats more than his horses, whip in hand would give everything a careful inspection and take his seat in the box. The place of honor on the coach was by his side. Long practice in telling his yarns and much association with good men on the "box," has made him an interesting companion. At last all the travellers have taken their places. The ladies or more distinguished ones taking the back seats; the middle class the middle seats with a broad leather strap for their backs and the more humble and modest taking the front seats, and riding backward. The top of the coach would generally carry half a dozen or so more. The coachman releases the coils of his long lash, so far held in leash, touches up the leaders and with cheerful parting words they are off. Up hill and down dale, through village and forest. The fresh, sweet morning air is inspiring. The winding road gives new views at every turn. The horses are generally kept at a gallop, and as the big coach thunders along rocking like a cradle on the thorough-braces the spirits of the passengers now get keyed up to a keen enjoyment not experienced in our more modern ways. The passing of the coach is always pleasantly awaited by those living on the road and greetings come from almost every household. Relays of horses are provided at every ten miles or so, and when the changes are made the curious villagers

all turn out to inspect the travellers, so as to comment upon them afterward. While the horses are being "put to," the more nimble of the passengers may alight to stretch themselves or to get a little refreshment at the village bar, and the mail bags are given to the postman. Soon the bags are returned and once more with a hurrah they are off. And so it goes until the journey is ended. Good inns, many of them famous for their appetizing menus, and whose landlords condescended to shake hands with you, and personally see to your comfort, are met with when needed. You get on familiar terms with your fellow voyagers and many lasting friendships have been the outcome of such journeys. The canals in those days played an important part in the transportation of travelers. The Erie Canal was the leader of them all then as it is to-day. Its passenger traffic was large and important. Most of the canals have shared the fate of our own, and like the cows have gone dry.

For twenty or thirty years after 1830 there was a large influx of people here from England and Ireland. Learning from friends already here of the cheap lands and high wages in this country, hundreds of families left their native land for the wilderness of the West. With but a hundred dollars or so, the result of long savings, they huddled into the stifling steerages of the sailing vessels of the day and buffeted with the waves of the Atlantic for two or three months before reaching Quebec or New York where almost all were landed. Those destined for Wayne county made their way to Rondout, the lower end of the canal, on the Hudson. There arrangements would be made with the captains of the boat for transportation to Honesdale. Sometimes three or four families would come in one boat. A quilt fastened to the beams would divide the households from each other, and after the privations on shipboard the journey up the canal was just a picnic. The men helped the captain in the management and supplies of his boat, and the women did the cooking for the crew, so the captain generally charged little or nothing for the three or four days ride up the hundred miles of canal. Arrived here those who had friends were met by them and cared for. Those who had none generally took such shelter as could be found among their open-hearted countrymen, where they would remain sometimes for days until a farm could be purchased or work secured upon the canal or docks here. Many a time the writer remembers seeing his father's garden near the covered bridge crowded with the boxes and bales of strangers like the docks for shipping. Land was cheap and but small first payments were required, consequently little difficulty was experienced in getting quickly at work in the new country. Many

of the finest farms in this county were cleared by those sturdy pioneers.

Two years before the Erie was completed it seemed a good thing to Wilbur & Patmor, freight agents to put a passenger boat on the canal to run between Lackawaxen and Honesdale. The distance was only ten miles more than the stage route to Narrowsburg, and the greater comfort on the boat was supposed to compensate for any little loss of time on the way. And so, on the 11th of June, 1850, it was announced that the long expected boat had arrived at Lackawaxen ready to make her debut into Honesdale. The band, of which the writer was a member, and some of our most prominent citizens, went down via Narrowsburg and the Erie to meet her and add to the *eclat* of her *debut*.

We found the "Fashion," for that was the name of the boat, in the canal near the station. As white and graceful as a swan she was in every way a dandy. She was built on the Erie Canal, and was about 80 feet long and 12 broad; of most beautiful lines and was fitted up most luxuriously, kitchens and dining-rooms, parlors and promenade decks, and what was a great attraction to some, a well stocked locker. The officers of the Pennsylvania Coal company, on their way to the annual election at Hawley, were on board besides other passengers, among whom we remember R. A. Smith, Esq., and his wife, who, we believe were on their way home to Waymart from Central America. When the train came in and the passengers were all aboard the band burst out in its loudest tune, three horses were hitched to the boat and with a hurrah we were off. The boat was drawn at such speed as to wash the tow-path occasionally with the "swell." Of course the ride was charming and every one voted the packet a great improvement upon the stage. When in the early evening the boat with much flourish of trumpets, reached the basin, half of the people in Honesdale were there to see it. After that day she started from here every morning and returned at sunset. This was kept up until the dainty and much lamented Fashion was miserably burned in the basin slip, opposite the HERALD office in the great fire of April 25, 1851.

Philadelphia Bureau of Press Clippings

No. 615 Walnut Street

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HERALD.

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Honesdale Pa

ate FEB 15 1900

Honesdale Fifty Years Ago.

When this town was first filling up there was but little room for the lighter pleasures of life that come with means and leisure. Every one was engaged in a fierce hunt for the dollars that thrift and industry were sure to find.

The town was ten years old at least before any thought was given to recreation or pleasure. The first symptoms of growing ease naturally manifested in music, a love for which is inherent in human nature. We have to-day carefully looked over all the files in the office from 1818 to 1848, and find no reference whatever to music of any kind up to 1845. Either there was none to speak of, or its quality did not catch the unmusical ears of the editors of those days.

There was a brass band in town we know, in the early '40s, for one of its members, still fairly hale and hearty, James H. Sutton, goes in and out among us every day.

The writer paid his attention to the Honesdale Band in a series of articles published in the HERALD twenty years ago, and therefore it will be hardly necessary for me to go much into detail about them now. Band instruments are generally expensive affairs and consequently the fit out of the impetuous youth with unsympathizing fathers generally consisted, at first at least, of the wreckage of defunct bands of the vicinity. We believe that the first instruments in use here, came from Montrose and Dundaff, much older towns. And a motley lot they were. The old copper key bugle led the list. It had the true horn shape but it was covered all over with keys, looking like so many huge warts. The keys were moved by long levers convenient for manipulation and in the hands of an artist were capable of giving forth pretty good music—at all events the best of its day. The bugle was extended down to the extreme end of the band. The base orpheclide, was a collection of pot curves small or great, fastened along the sides of brass cylinders as ~~as~~ as a sewer pipe. Those horns were the

forerunners of the saxophone of to-day. The former has a rigid metal mouthpiece, the latter have vibrating reeds. In fact a saxophone is a keyed bugle played with a clarionette mouthpiece. The melodies of the bands were generally played by clarinets E flat and B flat, and flutes and bugles also in the same keys. The basses were the Eb and Bb orpheclides and the filling up between these ends was accomplished by the following: French horns with a bell like a morning glory and an infinitude of twists and curls and loose crooks for change of keys, which were generally carried upon the arm of the player when not in use. There were no keys upon the instrument, but the tones between its harmonic sounds, the first, third, fifth and octave, were produced by the aid of the performer's fist which was thrust as was required more or less deeply into its yawning mouth. It was a good "mellow horn" and is used to-day in all of the best orchestras without change. Then there were the slide trombones in different keys. Having no valves or keys, every sound was a rich "open note" and consequently good. It is still a main reliance of most military bands and an orchestra without would be impossible. The clarinet, the flute, the horn and the trombone survive, but the rest are only to be found in museums.

We must not forget the trumpet, which was also made in Eb and Bb. The trumpet was the bane of all bandmen. No self-respecting man with a spark of music in his soul, or who otherwise stood well in the community would touch it. But when a band is organized, there are always a lot hanging around who will do anything to get into the "band." They will carry with pride and pound all day, a great fat drum, or they seem to see no disgrace in monkeying with the triangle or banging the cymbals. Such men, after the other instruments are assigned will accept with thanks the trumpet. Where the trumpet secures its tremendous and overpowering sound no one knows. It is a quiet, peaceable, rather pretty instrument, but every one who has once heard it gives it plenty of room. The band masters know it and dread it, and consequently fill its music up pretty well with rests. But it would not do to have the part all rests, so in the more noisy and triumphant passages the trumpet is sometimes given a chance. Whether the player wishes to make up for lost time or is animated by a spirit of vengeance, no one but a trumpeter knows, but certain it is that when he begins the rest may as well stop. Its inventor, however, knew his business. It is well adapted to move frenzied soldiers on to desperate deeds. We cannot even recall the names of the trumpeters of our bands, which is another proof that they were not worth remembering. The only

old timers left are J. H. Sutton, E. G. Reed and the writer. Just fancy, if you can, the venerable Mr. Sutton noiselessly manipulating the slides of a great trombone, or E. G. Reed and W. H. Ham, stuffing their fists into the cavernous depths of French horns, for such were their first instruments.

The key bugle occasionally found a master. Such a one was Ned Kendall, who led a famous circus band. His name was given big letters in the advertising, as large perhaps as the lion tamers, and he proved to be a great attraction. He appeared at this place. During the performance it was announced that the famous bugler, Ned. Kendall, of Boston, would play a solo. Then there was a great craning of necks to see one whose name had become almost a household word. Ned had not stayed with the band, but now taking out a shining instrument he stood and played in such a way as to entrance every one. Of course he was accompanied by the band. It is not often to-day that better music is heard. There was another player of almost equal celebrity that had hailed from these parts. It was William Hetherby, always called Bill Hetherby. His father was a relative of the late Allen Dodsworth of New York musical fame. He was an English miner and worked with a lot of his boys in the mines at Carbondale. Being a good musician, as many Cornishmen are, he taught his boys in his leisure hours to play. He succeeded so well with them that he dropped the mining business and went off to furnish the music for a circus. They were all good players, but William was soon considered one of the best in the country. Some members of the famous band appeared here in circuses occasionally up to the last thirty years or so, since when we have heard nothing of them.

The arrangement of music in those days differed considerably from that of the present. Now the custom is to have such an elaborate scoring as to confuse the listener; to have half a dozen at once playing different solos, so that no one can tell who is leading. In the old scores, after a noisy introduction, which gave everyone a chance, the music simmered down to a solo—a popular song, or what not, with a simple accompaniment by the band. Generally the solo would include a duet with another of the small horns, and during the piece somewhere would be a solo for the bases. We must confess to a partiality for the old music.

Our young readers must not conclude that the old composers knew nothing about music in those olden times. The classic operas, oratorios and concert music played to-day was nearly all composed long before the time we write of.

When we started upon this paper we fully intended to give an account of our "Serenaders" and other musicians of 50 years ago or so, but we have spent so much time over the old band instruments as to necessitate another or two. Besides we need be in no hurry in these reminiscences; we have all the time there is.





